

SNOWED IN

RHIANNE AILE

& MADELEINE URBAN



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Warren walked in from the cozy cabin's kitchen, stirring his spiked cocoa, and frowned. Kasey sat on the floor, leaning back against the couch, clacking away on a laptop. The blond walked over and nudged Kasey's thigh with his sock feet. "Hey, it's vacation, you. You're not supposed to be working." Settling in the corner of the sofa, he pulled his legs up so they lay behind Kasey and attempted to peer at the screen.

Looking up at Warren as he made himself comfortable, Kasey smiled lopsidedly. "It's not work. At least, not our work," he said, meaning the international newspaper where they were employed. "It's sort of a side job."

Snorting, Warren nudged the back of Kasey's head with his knee. "Vacation," he reiterated.

Mitch stuck his head over the loft railing and looked down at them. His hair was stuck up at all angles. "Shit. Damn keyboard. I was dreaming that we were snowed in at the newsroom, and Carroll had announced that we had to write all of next year's columns before we could go home. Put that thing away," he ordered, trying to smooth his hair with his fingers as he padded barefoot down the stairs. "I need caffeine."

Kasey snickered at Mitch's hair and typed furiously at the keyboard again while Warren lifted a foot and tried to rub Kasey's ear with it, just to be annoying. Kasey swiped at him. "Get off me!" he said, though he was still grinning. The other two guys were his best pals, having formed a solid working relationship and friendship over the last couple of years. He swiped again at Warren's foot.

"Vaaaaa-caaaaa-tion..." Warren drawled. "What's so important that you'd ruin our lovely relaxation with the sound of that infernal thing?"

"He's probably writing to his girlfriend. I knew I shouldn't have gotten the cabin with wireless Internet," Mitch muttered, wandering in from the kitchen, blowing the steam from the top of an extra large mug.

Kasey sighed. "If you really must know, I'm working on my book."

“Book?” Warren echoed.

“Book?” Mitch repeated, pushing at Warren with his hip to get the blond to move over so he could look over Kasey’s shoulder too.

Warren shuffled to the left, still reading over Kasey’s shoulder, and then he jerked back. “What kind of book *is* that?” he asked, his voice full of surprise.

Kasey frowned and looked back at the two men. Both were blond, but personality-wise they were worlds apart. That was part of why Kasey liked them so much. Except when they wouldn’t leave him alone about something. “You know, I *could* say ‘This is my private business,’ but somehow I think that wouldn’t stop you two from bugging the hell out of me about it.”

“That’s sex!” Warren exclaimed, surprise thickening his British accent. “Like, down and dirty sex, even.”

Mitch had read farther than just discovering it was sex. “And it’s good,” he added. “This isn’t the first book you’ve written, is it?”

Kasey grinned. “Thanks. No, it’s not my first book.” He had a thought and started typing again, then his eyes sort of slid to one side as he stopped short of typing a word, wondering if they were still watching. “Um, so, I can put this away, I guess.”

Warren was now reading more closely. “Boy, she must be buff. Athletes, are they? Muscles, strong arms....” His voice trailed off and his eyes narrowed.

Mitch chuckled, watching Warren’s reaction to the next series of words.

“I think you left a letter off there, ‘she’ instead of ‘he’?” Warren asked, voice unsure.

Kasey swallowed and sighed. “No,” he said quietly.

“No?” Warren echoed, voice edging upward.

“Back off, Warren,” Mitch said more seriously, wanting to head off any problems. “This is the first time you’ve written a gay sex scene, though, isn’t it?”

Turning sideways on the couch, he stuck his feet between the cushions for warmth and stared at the dark-headed man sitting on the floor.

Kasey's chin shot around, his eyes wide. "Wha... How'd you know that?"

"Gay sex," Warren muttered, and he fell back against the couch, looking put out. "Would read better with a girl."

"Pretty obvious, actually." Mitch shrugged. "It doesn't work quite that way." He smirked.

Kasey's eyebrows shot up. "Then how does it work?" he asked before thinking.

Warren frowned and leaned over to read again. "I don't get it," he muttered.

Both Mitch's friends knew that he slept with both men and women, but since they'd never asked, Mitch had never gone into details. "Well, the way you've got him touching Brock... it's more the way a man would touch a woman. You can't just drop the 's' from your pronouns and have gay sex. Would you want to be touched that way?"

Warren tilted his head as he read more, still frowning. Kasey frowned and re-read what he had written, and then he sighed. "It's crap. My publisher wanted me to write a subplot with a gay couple to see if it would go over, and I've got no clue." He made to delete the whole section.

"Wait." Mitch grabbed Kasey's wrist. "It's not a bad set up, and I think your publisher's right. With the success of 'QAF' and 'Brokeback Mountain,' it is an up-and-coming market." Mitch grinned at his unintentional pun, drawing an echoing one from Kasey.

"'QAF?'" Warren asked, glancing at Mitch, who patted his leg with an indulgent smile.

"Yeah, I guess so," Kasey said reluctantly. Then his eyes lit up. "Think you could give me a few pointers, Mitch? Just for reference, you know?" Warren's head was turning back and forth between his two friends like a table-tennis ball.

“That’s a request I never thought I’d hear from you.” Mitch laughed. “Sure. Hand me the laptop so I can get a feel for the characters. You two go fix us some dinner. I’m hungry after my nap.”

Kasey chuckled and passed the computer up to Mitch. “C’mon, Warren. Surely the concept is not so totally alien that you’re speechless,” he said, taking his friend’s hand and pulling him up from the couch.

Warren flushed a little as he stood up right against Kasey’s chest. “Just... hadn’t really thought about it, I suppose,” he mumbled.

Slinging an arm over his shoulders, Kasey started them walking to the kitchen. “Well, I hadn’t either, not really. I’ve been writing erotic romance for a while now, so it doesn’t shock me too much. After a while, it’s just parts, yeah?”

As they walked through the door into the kitchen, Warren answered. “But man parts and man parts. Not man parts and woman parts.” The swinging door closed them off from the living room.

Mitch chuckled again, sinking down into the overstuffed couch and reaching for his coffee. Since they were snowed in, he’d liberally laced it with brandy. It didn’t take long to lose himself in Kasey’s characters. The man was a damned fine writer with a knack for infusing his story with romance and humor, not just sex. He jolted, slightly disoriented when Warren and Kasey returned. “That was quick.”

“Sandwiches,” Warren said, still looking a little oddly at Kasey.

“And soup,” Kasey added, glancing to Warren, knowing he was still a little off-kilter. He handed a mug of soup to his friend with the laptop. “So, Warren is okay with my writing hot sex, apparently, just thrown by the whole guy-on-guy idea.”

“Hey!” Warren objected. “I’m not thrown. I’m just...” He wrinkled his nose. “I don’t want to say ignorant, but I guess I am,” he muttered to himself.

Mitch laid the computer aside and sipped his soup. “You’ve got a good set of characters, and your main hetero pairing is strong. The problem is the way the secondary two are reacting to each other. You’ve got a bisexual man attracted to

his long-term straight friend. I'm not saying it couldn't happen, but...." Mitch paused, reaching out suddenly and grabbing Warren's thigh, high up so that his fingers brushed his cock.

Warren jumped, spilling hot soup all over his lap. "What the hell, Mitch?!" he exclaimed.

Mitch looked at Kasey. "He just wouldn't react with unbridled passion. You're going to have to work him into the idea."

Glaring at Mitch, Warren tried to mop up the soup on his sweater. "I don't want anyone grabbing at me like that with no warning, woman *or* man."

Kasey narrowed his eyes and looked between the two. "Okay, so what would you do?" He looked expectantly at Warren.

Warren looked up from his sweater to see both of his friends looking at him. "What?"

"Well, you saw what his initial reaction was, so first you'd need to tone down the approach. Instead of having him grab for his crotch, have him move closer on the couch while they're watching the movie. How would you react to that, Warren?" Mitch asked, reiterating Kasey's question.

"React to what? You guys are talking about fucking characters in a book, not me. Make something up!" Warren had stripped off his soaked sweater and was working on the buttons of his jeans when he realized that he was practically discussing gay sex with his best friends in his underwear. Flushing, he held his sweater to his chest and stood up from the couch. "I'll be right back."

"That was fun," Mitch mused, taking another sip of his soup and grinning at Kasey as Warren pretty much ran up the stairs to the shared loft where they all slept.

Kasey laughed, eyes wide. "You don't think we should push him on this, should we? I mean, I'm willing to try anything once. Or twice," he admitted with a grin. "But he seemed real uncomfortable right now. I wouldn't want to piss him off."

“Aw hell, I’m not going to make him do anything he doesn’t want to do.” Mitch winked. “Just push his buttons a little. I could tell you how a straight man reacts to an unexpected come on, but it is so much more fun watching Warren blush and sputter.”

Trying not to snicker, Kasey glanced up to the loft. “Well, he seemed horrifically fascinated in the kitchen. Like he wanted to ask questions, but didn’t have the nerve. I told him I’ve researched about anything and everything to do with sex, but –”

Mitch snorted. “You and your research. It might work with the stock market reports you do for the paper, but you aren’t going to learn about sex from a book – not even the ‘Kama Sutra.’” Glancing up towards the loft, he nudged Kasey. “Let’s get Warren back down here and watch a movie or play some cards, something to calm him down.”

Nodding, Kasey stood up and headed up into the loft, just sticking his head over the railing to see his friend pulling a clean sweater on. He’d already changed into a pair of sweatpants. “Hey, Warren, want to play some poker?” he asked, knowing Warren enjoyed that pastime. They’d gotten together for poker nights with other friends several times.

Turning his head from where he was looking at himself in the mirror, Warren nodded and visibly relaxed. “Yeah, sounds great,” he answered, following Kasey back down the stairs and settling on the couch. He did look at the now-closed laptop intently for a long moment.

Half a bottle of brandy disappeared as the three played hand after hand of poker, and Mitch was feeling pleasantly buzzed. Lifting himself from the floor, where he’d been seated next to the coffee table, he sat on the opposite end of the couch from Warren. “How about a change in game?” he suggested.

Warren chuckled, having cleaned up at poker. “Tired of losing?” he jabbed. Kasey snorted.

“Let’s see how well you lose,” Mitch drawled, eyeing Warren thoughtfully. “How about Truth or Dare? The adult version. If nothing else, maybe Kasey can get some ‘research’ done for his book.”

Kasey's lips pressed together hard as he carefully looked over to Warren. The older man had relaxed more and more as the evening went on, apparently forgetting his earlier discomfort, and Kasey wasn't so sure he wanted to ruin the evening now.

"Adult version, huh?" Warren said, taking another drink. "I guess I'll give it a whirl. Although you two already know what I won't be able to comment on." He shrugged, figuring they just wouldn't ask him about those things.

Smiling again, Kasey nodded to Mitch. "I'm in." He pulled over his laptop and opened it up on the coffee table, starting a blank document to take notes in. "Hey, why waste an opportunity?" he asked when Warren looked at him funny.

"Oh God," Mitch sighed, rolling his eyes. "You were teacher's pet in grade school, weren't you?"

Warren snorted his drink and hissed. "Shit, that hurts," he said, eyes watering from the alcohol. Kasey threw back his head and laughed.

"Want me to kiss it and make it better?" Mitch teased.

"Dare you," Kasey chortled.

Warren's eyebrows flew up as he still spluttered. "What're you going to kiss? My nostrils?"

"You have absolutely no imagination," Mitch accused, still laughing with Kasey. "Okay. The rule of this game is if the person successfully completes their truth or dare, the other two players drink." He took a deep breath. "Warren, truth or dare?"

Wiping his eyes, Warren sighed. "Truth." Kasey snickered and Warren glared at him.

"Okay. How'd you lose your virginity?" Mitch asked without missing a beat.

Warren blinked and his lips twitched. "With my little sister's babysitter when I was seventeen." Kasey grinned, sprawling back in his chair across from Warren, who sat on the couch.

“Interesting. Okay, it’s your turn,” Mitch told Warren, taking a sip of his drink and extending his feet to bury his toes under the other blond’s leg casually. He looked over at Kasey to remind him about the rules, but he already had the glass to his lips.

Tilting his head, Warren studied Mitch for a moment. “Truth or dare, Mitch?” he asked.

“Why not? Dare me, Warren,” Mitch challenged.

Warren’s face stilled, and he looked nonplussed for a moment. Then he glanced to Kasey, who was grinning at his discomfort, and got a crafty look in his eyes. “I dare you to kiss Kasey. To *really* kiss him.”

Mitch stood up and walked over to Kasey, bracing his hands on the arms of the brunet’s chair. Eyeing Mitch’s lips, Kasey took a quick swallow of brandy and set his glass down, looking up and nodding his permission. Mitch butted their foreheads together gently to break the tension. “Just friends, right?” Waiting for Kasey’s slight nod and smile, he tilted his head, bringing their mouths together with light exploratory brushes. He could feel Warren’s eyes burning into his back and caught a blur of movement as the Warren shifted to get a better angle. Closing his eyes, he sank into the feeling of kissing Kasey, the soft, smooth lips surrounded by the day-old growth of beard. That was what he liked best about men. The contradictions.

Drawing a slightly shaky breath, Kasey closed his eyes as Mitch’s lips lightly brushed his, and he was surprised, though he knew he shouldn’t have been, that his insides warmed up so quickly. He’d always liked experimenting. Then the kiss deepened and without thinking he opened his mouth, letting Mitch kiss him as he pleased.

Hesitating at the unexpected invitation, Mitch moved a hand up behind Kasey’s head, threading his fingers into the soft, dark hair, pulling him closer. Mitch slipped his tongue between the parted lips. Kasey tasted of coffee and brandy, and Mitch drank both greedily from his mouth. He was snapped out of the moment by a low moan that didn’t come from either him or Kasey. Separating their lips reluctantly, he looked over his shoulder at Warren.

Warren knew his eyes were wide, and he felt almost... jealous? Kasey had practically melted into Mitch's kiss and it was obvious they both enjoyed it. He swallowed hard and focused on *not shifting, not shifting, not shifting!* on the couch, which would reveal he had started to get a hard-on. The fact that Kasey sighed regretfully as Mitch pulled away just made it all the more strange. Warren lifted his glass and took a hefty swallow.

Kasey stared at Mitch thoughtfully as the other man pulled away and then smiled and lifted his glass. "Cheers," he husked before taking a swallow.

Mitch returned the salute. "My turn, I think. Kasey, truth or dare?"

Kasey considered for a moment, his tongue darting out to lick his bottom lip. "Dare," he answered.

Unable to resist, Mitch's eyes darted from Kasey to Warren. "What goes around comes around. Kasey, I dare you to kiss Warren. To *really* kiss him," he mimicked.

This time it was Warren who took a drink right away before he looked at Kasey, blinking owlishly.

"Nothing you don't want," Mitch reminded Warren quietly.

Kasey stood up and moved to sit on the arm of the couch next to Warren. "It's painless," he teased gently. "Trust me?" he asked as he slid his fingers along Warren's cheek. The blond man nodded, watching intently as Kasey leaned over to kiss him oh-so-lightly, their lips barely touching, and for a moment Warren felt cheated. But then Kasey's lips pressed fully against his and he forgot thinking altogether as his head started to spin.

Almost afraid when Warren was like stone as their lips first touched, Kasey fell into the kiss as Warren went soft and warm, and he groaned quietly and leaned closer, sliding a hand into Warren's hair, opening his mouth and lightly tracing the nearby lips with his tongue. But what really thrilled him was how after a moment, Warren shuddered, his lips parted and went pliable, and he started to kiss Kasey back. The younger man moaned against Warren's mouth, and the blond raised his hand to cup it over the back of Kasey's neck, holding

him close as the kiss continued. It was Kasey who finally pulled back, bluish eyes large and dilated as he drew a deep breath while he tried to focus on Warren's gaze.

Mitch raised his glass to his lips and drank deeply. "Your turn, Kasey," he prompted, breaking the spell between his two friends.

Kasey turned his chin toward Mitch, but his eyes were slow to follow as he was still watching Warren. "Truth or dare, Mitch?" he asked.

Settling back against the cushions, he tried to read Kasey's eyes. "Dare." He had started this after all. It seemed only fair that he play along.

Eyes glowing, Kasey answered, "I dare you to kiss Warren. To *really* kiss him."

This time, Warren didn't take an automatic drink. Instead, he looked at Mitch, waiting to see what he'd do. He was a little wild about the eyes, but his posture was still relaxed.

"Seems only fair, since you seemed to enjoy him so much." Mitch got to his knees and crawled across the couch toward Warren. Just their positions on the couch made it seem more intimate, so Mitch was careful not touch his friend anywhere but the face. He stroked the slightly scruffy cheek, his thumb pulling over Warren's bottom lip. "Do you want me to kiss you?" he asked, lips only inches away.

Warren's lips parted slightly as he focused on the sensation of Mitch's thumb, and he nodded, just barely. Not giving Warren a chance to change his mind or get nervous, Mitch claimed his mouth, not gently as he had with Kasey, but rather completely dominating. His tongue plunged deep, mapped every corner, claimed Warren's tongue, and sucked it strongly back into his mouth. "Kiss me back," Mitch rasped before resealing their lips.

Almost shaking under the onslaught, Warren moaned silently, then joined in the kiss, lips moving and tongue stroking. Mitch's taste filled his mouth, mingling with the brandy, and Warren thought he might get even more drunk. Surely he must be sloshed to be enjoying this so much. And Kasey... Both of

them.... Warren shivered, his hands settling on Mitch's shoulders.

Rapt, Kasey watched as Mitch first kissed Warren possessively and then got Warren to go along with it. Swallowing, he knew he wouldn't be choosing between the two of them, especially based on kisses. Although the idea chased through him: Why should he choose when he already had both?

Damn, Warren could kiss, Mitch admitted silently. It was tempting to push forward, pressing Warren back into the couch and covering his body. Mitch's libido was screaming for more contact than just their lips, but what he'd told Kasey was true. You couldn't expect immediate passion from a man who'd been straight all his life. Lightening the kiss by stages, Mitch nibbled and pulled on the willing lips, moaning as Warren's hand wound into his hair, holding him close. Tilting his head, he rubbed their cheeks together, nuzzling Warren's neck. "You are one hell of a kisser," he murmured, scooting back to his original position on the couch.

The other man opened dazed eyes and looked back and forth between Kasey and Mitch. "Thanks," he acknowledged, meaning more than one thing, he knew. Somewhere inside, insulated by warmth, comfort with his friends, and brandy, Warren was fretting. He had enjoyed those kisses. Maybe too much? He reached for his glass with a shaky hand.

"Your turn, Mitch," Kasey prompted, sliding off the arm of the couch where he had perched and sitting on the floor at Warren's feet, reaching for his own glass.

Mitch turned to Kasey. "Well, this is supposed to be about research, so let's open up that book of yours. What do you have your characters doing the first night they are together?"

Kasey moved back to his chair, opening the original document. "Ah, basically they're next to each other in front of the hearth, touching, with the goal of getting them both off by hand," he answered, not noticing the color rise in Warren's cheeks.

"Well then," Mitch started, rubbing his hands together and pulling the quilt off the back of the couch and spreading it in front of the fire, "Kasey, truth or

dare?”

Glancing to Warren and seeing discomfort surfacing again as he stared at the spread quilt, Kasey answered, “Ah, truth,” as he set the laptop aside and stood, planning on moving back to the couch.

Mitch stopped next to Kasey so close that their bodies were almost touching and looked up into the bright hazel eyes. “Do you want to lie down on the quilt with me?”

Kasey’s insides clenched as heat flared inside him. He was riveted; he had no idea Mitch could radiate such sensual magnetism. “Yeah,” he rasped, voice a little shaky.

If possible, Warren sank even further back into the couch, realizing that he was going to get to watch as his two best friends... He swallowed, feeling his cock twitch inside his pants. He sucked in a breath, surprised by how much just the thought turned him on.

“Your turn, Kasey,” Mitch said, eyes never wavering.

Mesmerized and aroused both by the idea and by the man in front of him, Kasey screwed up his considerable courage. He was adventurous, after all. “Truth or dare, Mitch?” he whispered. He was oblivious to the intently watching Warren.

“Dare me.”

Kasey sucked in a breath and spoke: “Do the scene with me.”

Warren’s eyebrows were crawling up into his hairline but he held his tongue. And the arm of the couch, so he wouldn’t try to hold onto something else that was getting rather stiff.

Pulling his shirt over his head, Mitch sat down smoothly and stretched out on the quilt in nothing but his faded jeans. He extended a hand to Kasey. “Join me.”

Recognizing that Mitch was acting out his writing, Kasey swallowed and stepped forward to lightly clasp Mitch’s hand and sink down to the blanket,

sitting next to his friend's knees, feeling just as jittery as his long-time straight character. Their palms slid together lightly, just touching.

“You know that I’ve been attracted to you for a long time, but I never thought I’d have this chance. We don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do. Just do what feels good. You say ‘stop’ at any point and I’ll stop.” Mitch was ad libbing the dialogue at this point, trying to show Kasey how the scene could go, as well as getting a chance to say some things that he’d held silent for a long time under the cover of acting. He rested his hand on Kasey’s shoulder, kneading at the tense muscles. “Why don’t you lie down and I’ll give you a massage?”

Wondering if his character would feel this warmth buzzing throughout his whole body, Kasey swallowed again, licked his lips, and then nodded, shifting to his knees to settle on his belly. Over on the couch, Warren watched silently, lightly biting his lower lip.

Mitch tugged at the hem of Kasey’s T-shirt. “Take this off. Can’t give a decent back rub with the fabric bunching up.”

Kasey sat up again, glancing to Warren before he could stop himself. The other man had an inscrutable look on his face. Turning his attention back to Mitch – and Mitch’s already bared chest – Kasey pulled the sweater over his head and tossed it to the side, feeling awfully exposed next to the other man.

Blue and green eyes skimmed the length of Kasey’s body: smooth bare skin, muscled arms, and impossibly long legs hugged by almost threadbare denim. Mitch started at Kasey’s ankles, letting his hands map the area his eyes had just traveled. He kneaded the muscles of Kasey’s calves and thighs, making sure his fingers traveled around, scraping against the inner seam. He continued over the gentle swell of his ass, the firmness of the touch making it seem more clinical than groping. Mitch heard Warren shift and looked up, their eyes locking. Warren wasn’t quite there yet, but soon, hopefully, he’d be ready for an invitation to join them. One of Mitch’s favorite wet dreams....

Warren was absorbed by the scene in front of him, the brandy blurring the line between what he’d always accepted as true and the feelings he was experiencing now as he tried to figure out when Mitch and Kasey had gotten so damn good-looking. And Mitch’s hands on Kasey’s sleek body.... Warren shifted

unconsciously as Kasey moaned.

“Relax,” Mitch hummed, leaning close to Kasey’s ear so that his voice would be felt as well as heard. It was also the perfect excuse to let his chest rub against Kasey’s back. Sitting back up, he swung a leg over Kasey’s body, straddling his thighs. “Leverage,” he explained when Kasey looked over his shoulder.

Sagging into the quilt, Kasey felt himself doing just that – relaxing under Mitch’s touch. Except one part of him that was staying half-hard. He let his eyes flutter shut and sighed happily. “You can keep that up,” he murmured. “Your hands are great.”

Mitch chuckled. “You have *nooooo* idea.” Digging his fingers deep into the tight shoulder muscles, he pulled and squeezed until he felt them relaxing under his touch. He worked down the sides of Kasey’s spine and back up, letting his fingers curl around the broad shoulders and over Kasey’s clavicle to tease at the top of his pectoral muscles. He’d noticed before when they’d been shirtless at the company summer picnics what a gorgeous chest Kasey had, and it felt just as good as it looked. The man under him arched enticingly, granting him greater access and unintentionally pressing his ass back into Mitch’s quite obvious erection. Mitch froze and waited for Kasey’s reaction.

It took a long moment for Kasey to realize what he was pushing up against, and when he did, he felt a moment of shock, then embarrassment, then heat. He’d caused that? Mitch touching him had caused that? He swallowed as his own body responded, and he turned his head to the other side, pillowing his cheek on his hands, Warren now in his line of vision. Could Warren tell Mitch was aroused? Kasey shivered though he wasn’t at all cold.

Watching, his hand gripping his drink tightly, Warren wondered if he ought to get up and leave. Give them some privacy. Especially when Mitch’s movements became progressively slower and more enticing. He spared a thought for wishing he was in Kasey’s place, just for a moment, wondering what it was like. But the vision in front of him was too gorgeous to leave just yet. The brandy helped to quell his initial nervousness in dealing with anything about male parts and male parts. Mitch’s hands looked incredible on Kasey’s back.

Mitch felt Kasey tremble beneath him and squashed the desire to surge

forward, forcefully rubbing his cock into the cleft of Kasey's ass. His hand resumed their motion, sweeping in light arcs over his skin. Leaning forward, he brought his chest down to Kasey's back, covering him like a blanket. Seeking reassurance, he whispered, "We okay?"

Licking his lips, Kasey sucked in a breath and nodded, then he deliberately wiggled, rubbing his ass back against the hardness he could feel pressing against him. "I guess there's no question that you're interested in me," Kasey said, ad-libbing more conversation for the book although he felt it was true for them anyway.

Mitch thought hard about how to respond. If it had been just them, different circumstances... But it wasn't. There was an element of play-acting going on and the odd truth or dare situation to take into account. "You're an incredibly sexy man. Your body feels incredible under my hands, *and* you're my best friend. I'd have to be dead not to react." If it had been a normal seduction, Mitch would have just moved forward, taking his cues from Kasey's body and reactions, but he felt the need to ask permission at every juncture, and it bothered him – ruined the flow of the moment. "Tell me if you want me to stop," he said. He started kneading Kasey's shoulders again, rocking his body against Kasey's ass in time with the strokes of his massage.

Groaning, Kasey's eyes practically rolled back into his head. The dual sensations were making him even harder, and it was almost uncomfortable to lie on his cock. "I don't want you to stop," he admitted hoarsely. After a beat, he continued, voice lower. "You're turning me on like crazy."

Warren's eyes rounded as he heard Kasey, and he leaned forward, nervously licking his bottom lip. Mitch was bronzed and lightly muscled, looking very appealing in the firelight, and Kasey was long and lean and his lips.... Warren remembered their kiss and his cock twitched. He opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out but a clipped whimpering noise.

Mitch groaned, pushing harder against Kasey's body, planting his hands on either side of Kasey's head and placing kisses across his neck and up behind his ears. Kasey's head tipped to the side, and Mitch sucked strongly on the stretched tendons. "Fuck, Kasey," Mitch panted, his desire escalating rapidly with Kasey's willingness. Lifting the weight of his body to his hands and knees, he stayed

bridged over the brunet's body. "Turn over for me," he asked.

Shuddering as he heard his own name in Mitch's rasp, Kasey turned smoothly and looked up to his friend, taking in the hunger that was clear in his eyes. "Kiss me again," he murmured, reaching to frame the other man's face with both hands.

Shifting to perch on the edge of the couch to try to relieve the pressure in his groin, Warren swallowed hard, recognizing that he wasn't nearly as drunk as he had been... and that he was more aroused than ever. These men, his best friends, having sex. No, he corrected himself, tilting his head as he watched. It was more than that, somehow, and he felt left out. He swallowed the last of the brandy in his glass convulsively.

Mitch complied with Kasey's demand readily, sucking and biting at his lips and teasing his tongue until he lured it back into his mouth. The new position brought their groins into intimate contact, and Mitch felt for the first time exactly how excited Kasey was. Feeling Kasey's hard shaft pressed next to his added fuel to his own flame, sending it out of control. Sliding a knee between Kasey's thighs, he pressed down, separating his legs and applying pressure to his cock.

"Oh Christ," Kasey gasped, his hands sliding to grasp Mitch's hips. "Don't stop."

Kasey's cries went straight to Mitch's cock, causing a surge of electricity that made him grind down even harder, his body coming to rest completely between Kasey's thighs. Without breaking the kiss, Mitch worked a hand between their bodies, rubbing the hard outline of Kasey's cock with his hand. "God, I want to feel you."

Breathing just as hard as the men on the floor, Warren's hand strayed to his groin, where he felt hard to the point of bursting – and he'd not even been touched. Kasey's obvious pleasure in letting Mitch touch him astounded Warren; he hadn't ever even imagined giving control over during sex to a woman, much less a man. He pressed his palm down hard, trying to alleviate the problem.

Eyes wide and face flushed with desire, Kasey nodded quickly, cramming his own hand between them to unfasten his jeans. To hell with being nervous. This

felt better than he could ever have imagined. He was so fucking turned on. “Yeah, touch me,” he rasped, pulling down the zipper.

Mitch’s hand followed Kasey’s, pushing past the silky boxers to the even silkier flesh. Circling the hard shaft, he stroked from base to head, swirling the pad of his thumb through the thick fluid leaking from the tip. Sitting back on his heels to pull Kasey’s jeans lower, he raised his hand, holding Kasey’s eyes and licking the liquid from his thumb. “You taste good.”

Kasey groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head. “Shit, Mitch,” he whispered. A gasp from the couch drew Mitch’s eyes. Warren was perched so close to the edge of the couch that Mitch was worried he was going to fall to the floor at any minute. His hands were closed around his glass so hard that his knuckles were white.

Meeting Warren’s green eyes, much as he had Kasey’s moments before, Mitch beckoned the other man closer. “Come kiss me, Warren,” he said. “I want to taste you.”

Warren shifted, uncertain of what to do next. His body had started to move as soon as Mitch called to him, but....

“Just a kiss, Warren,” Mitch coaxed. “Come sit here on the table so I can reach your lips.”

Just a kiss, how bad could that be? They’d already shared a kiss. Warren scooted from the couch to the corner of the low table, leaning towards Mitch.

Trying to catch his breath, Kasey watched Warren move over cautiously. Remembering the hell of a kiss Warren had given him, Kasey breathed, “I want a kiss too.”

Both Warren’s eyebrows rose as he settled close to Mitch, glancing to Kasey all sprawled out on the quilt. “Don’t think I’ve ever been in such demand,” he tried to joke.

“I think you’re going to have to get used to it,” Mitch rasped. “Me first.” Continuing to stroke Kasey at a maddeningly leisurely pace, he used his free hand to hook Warren’s neck and pull him close for a kiss. His hips continue to

rock into the juncture of Kasey's thighs, his own cock seeking friction.

Warren melted into the kiss, the firm touch of Mitch's lips already feeling familiar. With his eyes closed he could almost forget that Kasey lay sprawled half-naked, only inches away. Almost.

Kasey whimpered as Mitch made small circles over the smooth head of his cock, his thumb sliding easily in the slick liquid. The noise captured Mitch's attention, and he released Warren's lips with a lingering pull on his bottom lip. "Kiss Kasey," he directed, thinking he had a different place he wanted to kiss the wanton beauty stretched out under him.

Warren looked from Mitch to Kasey. Sliding to his knees, he leaned over Kasey, staring at his face, flushed lips wet and parted, eyes bright and dilated almost midnight blue. Fuck, Kasey aroused was an undeniable turn-on. Before he could join their lips, Kasey's eyes closed and his back arched up off the quilt. Looking down at Mitch, Warren saw his friend's lips sealed around Kasey's cock, cheeks hollowed and nose buried deep in the bed of dark curls at the base. "Fuck me sideways! I didn't think that was possible," Warren exclaimed before he could bite back the words, amazed that Kasey's entire cock was engulfed in Mitch's mouth.

Mitch pulled up slowly, letting the head of Kasey's cock to slip from his mouth with a wet 'pop.' Grinning, he licked a circle around the purpled cap. "Oh, I assure you it is very much possible," he said with a smirk.

"And feels fucking awesome," Kasey croaked, his hand landing in Mitch's hair, trying to encourage him to resume his attentions.

"I'd be happy to show you," Mitch offered, eyes focused on the other man in that way that made Warren squirm from the sheer erotic intensity of the look. "Or show you how to do it." He licked at Kasey like an ice cream cone, eyes still locked with Warren's.

Warren's mouth opened and closed like a fish, the sight of Mitch licking Kasey like that making his own cock sit up and howl. He had almost started to answer when Kasey spoke up. "Hey, man in serious case of arousal here! Warren, I want my kiss," he whined, lifting his hips to press himself further into

Mitch's mouth.

Looking between the two, Warren swallowed hard and knelt next to Kasey, deciding it would be best not to watch what Mitch was doing if he hoped to keep himself in his pants, because he wasn't quite ready to admit he wanted to be out of them. He reached with a shaking hand to brush dark hair away from Kasey's sparkling eyes before leaning to rub their lips together carefully, tentatively opening his mouth to lick along Kasey's lower lip.

Mitch fluttered his tongue in fast percussion against the tender V just under the head of Kasey's cock. His hand fisting the stiff length rapidly, his mouth moved up to capture a flat brown nipple, sucking and tugging at it with his teeth. Nudging Warren, he suggested, "Kiss him here."

Kasey whined as Warren pulled away, but then Mitch's words registered and that whine turned into a groan. "You're driving me fucking wild, Mitch," he rasped.

Looking at Kasey's delectable chest, Warren reached out and slowly drew a finger from his throat to his belly. "Can... may I?" he tried to ask before losing his nerve.

"Yes, Christ, Warren, please!" Kasey exclaimed, reaching to take the other man's hand and holding it against his chest. "If you wanna touch, you go right ahead," he added, wondering if the want in his eyes would register with Warren.

Mitch chuckled silently at the scene playing out between his friends – his two *straight* friends. Before returning to his task, he pulled off Kasey's socks and slid the jeans and boxers the rest of the way down the long, muscular legs. Mitch knew that Kasey ran and played basketball to keep in shape, but damn. His thighs were rock hard under the light sprinkling of hair. Spreading the long legs wider, he crawled towards Kasey's body, licking his way up the bare inner thighs, running his tongue over the cut muscles, making them twitch. Before touching Kasey's cock, he gently rolled the soft balls, lifting and sucking them, his fingers exploring the sensitive skin even lower.

Kasey tensed as Mitch's fingers brushed near sensitive territory. Feeling the withdrawal, Mitch moved his hands back to Kasey's thighs, stroking soothingly.

“Shhhh... That’s not where we’re going. There are plenty of ways to make each other feel good.”

“No, you just surprised me, Mitch,” Kasey answered as he lifted his chest into Warren’s hand, his own still lightly covering the other man’s. “Go ahead. It’s not new. Well, from a man, it is,” he added, looking down at Mitch with heated eyes. “If you want to, I mean,” he added.

Warren paused in his tentative attentions to look down toward Mitch, inhaling sharply as he saw Kasey’s stiff erection and where Mitch’s mouth was. Kasey had to pull gently on his hand to break his stare. “It’s great, Warren,” Kasey whispered. “Don’t worry,” he tried to reassure him. “I’ve had a woman touch me there before.”

“And I promised. Nothing either of you don’t want. You trust me, don’t you, Warren?” Mitch asked.

Looking at his friend who knelt between Kasey’s legs, Warren blinked in confusion. He’d known Mitch for more than five years. “Of course I trust you,” he said clearly.

Mitch smiled. He knew how much it had taken for Warren to say that in the present circumstances. “Then let’s see if we can drive Kasey a little more crazy, shall we?” he invited with a mischievous glint in his eye.

Blinking in pleasant surprise, Warren actually relaxed and smiled, looking down at Kasey, who was looking particularly appealing. “That okay with you, Kasey?” he asked, wanting there to be no confusion whatsoever.

“Hell, yes, it’s okay with me!” Kasey practically yelped as Mitch licked him again.

Mitch wished in passing for some lube, but having packed to spend a weekend with his two straight friends, it had never occurred to him. The guy they were renting from was a gay friend of his, so there was a good chance he could scare some up; however, now was not the time to go searching through cabinets. Wetting his finger, he played with Kasey’s opening, probing the tight furl and slipping just inside as he sucked strongly on his cock, pulling it deeper

and deeper into his throat. Having established a pleasing rhythm, he hummed, using the momentary distraction to slip his finger completely inside Kasey's body. On an upstroke, he tossed out "Watch this" to Warren and curled his finger, stroking directly over Kasey's prostate.

Kasey had been moaning quietly, enjoying Warren's hand stroking over his chest and craving more of Mitch's touch, when suddenly every nerve seemed to explode. His eyes flew open, and an incredulous yell tore out of him. "Holy shit!" he nearly shrieked.

Shocked, Warren jerked back, looking at Mitch to see what the hell he'd done. "What?"

Mitch didn't want to stop what he was doing, but could tell Warren was afraid he'd hurt Kasey. Lifting his mouth long enough to make a request, he asked, "Kasey, tell Warren I'm not killing you. Well, maybe just a little." He winked, stroking the spot again as his wet lips sank down Kasey's shaft again. He knew that he'd just told Kasey to talk, but he was probably making it impossible for him to do that. He hummed happily.

"Sweet Jesus, Mitch!" Kasey yelped as he clutched at Warren's hand. "Oh, he's killing me all right, killing me so damn good," he said, writhing under Mitch's hands. "Shit... Warren... please, I want that kiss. I'm not going to last much longer."

Mitch doubled his pace, finger-fucking Kasey's hole while he attempted to suck his cock through a straw. His free hand rested on Kasey's thigh, which was trembling uncontrollably. He rolled his eyes up to watch as Kasey and Warren's lips came together.

Shuddering under Mitch's sucking and Warren's kissing, Kasey's body snapped to attention and he knew he couldn't hold back. He broke the kiss, gasping. "Mitch, Mitch...." he cried, desperately trying to warn the other man.

Warren sat up, looking at Kasey openly, almost hungrily, settling his hand on the heaving chest and dragging it down to his belly and waist, stopping just short of Mitch's head. He was amazed by Kasey's responsiveness. Amazed that he had a part in evoking it. Amazed that he wanted to feel the same.

Mitch could feel Kasey coming undone and wanted to share the moment with Warren. Reaching out, his hand caressed Warren's thigh as Kasey arched up and exploded down his throat.

Warren watched, entranced as Mitch only increased his attentions, and then he saw Kasey figuratively fall to pieces as he stiffened and spasmed, yelling in obvious orgasm. Warren closed his eyes slowly, feeling Mitch's hand on his thigh, Kasey's body jumping under his hand, and his fingers lightly brushing Mitch's hair.

Thrilled beyond belief, Kasey gasped Mitch's name once he could do anything but howl, his hands grasping for blond hair, but shaking too much to hold on. "Fuck me," he breathed in shock, still shaking as Mitch sucked him through the tremors.

Gently suckling until the sated shaft slipped easily from his lips, Mitch grinned up at his friend. "I think I'll take that figuratively instead of literally. Unless you meant it as an offer?" When Warren started to look uncomfortable again at his teasing comment, he quickly added, "I'm kidding, Warren. Why don't we move back to the couch and have another drink? Maybe break out those cookies we bought."

Too exhausted and warm to move, Kasey still felt awkward. "But the scene I wrote had them both getting off," he protested weakly.

Warren paused in getting to his feet as Kasey spoke up, and he looked to Mitch with wide eyes. Would there be more of this mind-blowing... whatever it was? Warren wasn't sure he could call something so trusting sex. It was much more vivid and intense than a one-time screw with a girl in the sack.

Mitch felt a warm glow in his chest that almost rivaled the ache in his groin. "Yeah, I know, and trust me, I'd love to act that out. And we will, but let's take a little break first. Recharge our batteries." He reached out to help Kasey up, tossing him his jeans with a smirk.

Kasey let his jeans hit him in the chest and didn't move. "I think I'll just rest here," he murmured sleepily, shifting only slightly on the quilt. His whole body was the picture of debauched lethargy. Warren was looking his fill and trying to

decide why the visual was so mesmerizing.

“Lazy bastard,” Mitch laughed, picking up the edge of the quilt and covering the sated man so he wouldn’t get cold. Getting to his feet, he offered his hand to Warren. “Come on. We’ll do KP.”

Warren took Mitch’s hand without thinking and stood. His palm was warm and damp. And Warren knew why. He glanced back down at Kasey, who seemed to already be asleep, and then turned and walked to the kitchen, stopping to snag his glass for more brandy.

“You okay?” Mitch asked as soon as they were in the kitchen.

Taking a seat at the table, Warren shakily poured himself another drink. “Okay. Well....” He shrugged. “Overwhelmed, maybe. Shocked as hell, yeah. Hard as a rock too, which is somewhat distressing in itself,” he admitted, not looking up at Mitch as if he were embarrassed.

Mitch looked over at his friend and frowned. Figuring physical comfort was *not* what Warren needed right now, he slid into the chair across the table. “We’re just having fun, Warren. Exploring a little. If it’s really bothering you, we can stop, but if it’s more that you’re surprised or confused, maybe even a little excited, I can promise you that nothing is going to leave this cabin. Test out your fantasies a little. Once we walk out of here, you’ll never hear about it again unless you bring it up,” Mitch promised.

Warren raised his head but still looked a little uncomfortable. “Doesn’t bother me so much, I guess, and hell, if you’re having a good time, who am I to tell you to stop?” he said reasonably. “I guess I just didn’t expect to like watching so much. Or to react so strongly. You and Kasey....” He swallowed. “You looked damn good together.”

“I had the same reaction to watching you and Kasey kiss.” After Warren’s slightly positive remark, Mitch was encouraged. He slid over so he was sitting on the bench next to the other man, reaching up to brush the messy blond hair back from Warren’s face. “Light and dark, but both so powerful, so masculine. It really turned me on.”

Turning his chin, Warren smiled a little, his back visibly relaxing. “So you really liked doing that to Kasey?” he asked, deflecting attention away from himself.

“Yes, I *really* do.” Mitch’s eyes focused on a spot over Warren’s shoulder. “To see him fall apart like that and know I caused that pleasure.”

Seeing the blissful look on Mitch’s face, Warren’s curiosity grew. “How did you know what he’d like?”

“That’s one of the things I like about men. They like the same things I do. A lot less mystery and a lot less work,” Mitch chuckled. “Plus it’s really obvious when you succeed.”

“Obvious? Well, yeah, when he gets off. I know how that works for me. Where’d you learn all that? Kasey was completely blown away.”

Mitch tilted his head, looking at Warren speculatively. “You’re just full of questions, aren’t you? I’ll answer any question you have. For a small fee.”

“Fee?”

“Yep. I want a kiss for every question,” Mitch said, waiting for Warren’s reaction.

Both Warren’s eyebrows rose, and he rolled his eyes and snorted. “A kiss from me?” That wasn’t a worthwhile request.

Mitch leaned closer, his breath ghosting over Warren’s lips. “Yes.” Closer still. “A kiss.” He paused hovering on the verge of touching. “From you. In advance.”

Eyes zeroing in on Mitch’s lips, Warren remembered the hot, wet kiss they’d shared earlier, and it didn’t take much thought for him to decide to move just that much closer to press their lips together softly.

Allowing Warren to retreat, Mitch answered, “What you like is a great place to start. Then you watch how your partner reacts. Like this.” Mitch swooped forward, taking Warren’s lips confidently, cradling the back of his head with his

hand. When Warren melted into the kiss, swaying closer, Mitch pulled away. “See? Your body told me to deepen the kiss.”

Warren blinked a few times. “Oh,” he answered intelligently. “So what comes next?” he asked faintly. “Do I... I know you said do what I like, but how do I know if you’ll like it?” He didn’t seem to realize he’d made the questions more personal.

“Kiss me,” Mitch said. Remembering the deal, Warren did as he asked, pressing their lips together in a firmer but still chaste kiss. Mitch tilted his head, opening his mouth with a sigh, offering himself. Warren accepted instinctively, cupping his face with strong hands and deepening the kiss. Still on edge from the activities of the past hour, Mitch was quickly aroused, arching his body towards Warren. Taking a deep breath, he forced himself to pull away. “Could you tell that I liked it?” he asked.

Warren moaned, pulling back and nodding. “You taste sinful,” he rasped. “What... what did Kasey taste like?” he asked shakily.

“You kissed Kasey, you tell me,” Mitch answered rather than claiming another kiss.

“No. I mean, what did *he* taste like?” Warren asked before leaning forward to kiss Mitch more passionately than he had yet as payment.

Mitch melted into the kiss, letting Warren have complete control. Desperate for more contact, he turned to face Warren, pulling his legs up on the bench and leaning back into the table. Reminding himself that Warren was still a little skittish, he let his hands roam through his hair and over his shoulders and back, coming to rest on his hard biceps. As the kiss ebbed, he rested his forehead against Warren’s, not wanting to pull away. “Keep kissing me like that and you’ll be able to find out how I taste,” he said, trying to catch his breath.

“Really?” Warren sounded surprised but not put off by the suggestion.

“Yes, and you definitely earned an answer to that question. Kasey tasted smooth, a little bitter and salty. Combined with the musky spice of his scent, it was an incredible turn-on.” Mitch nuzzled Warren, seeing if he could lure the

man into another kiss, not really caring if there were any more questions.

Warren's eyes mostly closed as he turned his face against Mitch's lips, subtly encouraging the contact. "Do I turn you on?" he asked. Just the thought of being that powerful, being able to arouse one of his best friends – a male best friend – to a fever pitch, it was heady. He slid his hands cautiously over Mitch's shoulders and chest.

Sometimes actions speak louder than words, and speaking would have necessitated stopping the kiss Mitch had successfully encouraged, so Mitch only shifted slightly, bringing his full-blown erection into contact with Warren's hip. When his friend didn't immediately shy away, he moved even closer, sitting practically in Warren's lap and kissing him ravenously.

Moaning softly and gripping Mitch's thigh, Warren felt a terrible thrill flare through him. He couldn't ignore that obvious ridge in the other man's jeans. Caused by him. He rejoined the kiss with more passion, just the thought of how he affected Mitch arousing him in equal measure.

Mitch's breathing quickened and he pressed forward more forcefully into Warren's hip. He stopped just short of begging the blond to touch him before his common sense kicked in and reminded him that Warren was not Kasey. Forcing a deep breath, he pulled back from the kiss, keeping their bodies chest to chest. Fondling Warren's shoulder and the very upper part of his chest, he encouraged, "What else do you want to know?"

Warren looked up with heated eyes, knowing he was pushing the envelope of their friendship. He hoped it wouldn't snap back and hurt him. He swallowed, sliding his hand slightly on Mitch's thigh. "If I touched you, would you react like Kasey did?"

A low moan escaped at Warren's naïve question, and Mitch buried his face into Warren's shoulder to gain his composure. Looking up and meeting the emerald gaze evenly, he answered, "Almost certainly. It wouldn't take much of your touch to make me come in my jeans like a teenager. I want you so badly."

Drawing a shaky breath, Warren slid both palms along Mitch's thighs to his hips, cupping the other man's ass and slowly pulling him close, close enough

that his own aroused cock, a throbbing lump in his jeans, was bracketed by Mitch's legs brushing him on both sides. "Will I react like Kasey did?" he asked, his accent thick.

Mitch allowed Warren to position him until he was straddling his lap, weight still supported on his knees, hands grasping the high back of the bench on either side of Warren's head. "Let's find out," Mitch suggested, lowering himself along Warren's front in a slow, sensuous glide until their cocks nestled beside each other. Eyes locked with Warren, Mitch rose several inches dropped back down, applying even more pressure to Warren's cock.

Warren's eyes dilated with the press of Mitch's cock to his, and he reached up to clasp the other's man's face, pulling him down for a hot, messy kiss. Sliding down a bit on the polished wood of the bench, he brought their erections into full contact and started to hitch himself back and forth, silently begging for more friction. "Fuck, Mitch," he hissed as the other man settled his weight, pressed their cocks together, and then moved slightly away.

"Feel good?" Mitch asked rhetorically. "It'd feel even better skin to skin. I'm leaking so much our cocks would have plenty of lubrication. It feels fucking awesome; the shafts so hard but the skin so soft." Warren arched up with a particularly well-placed thrust, and Mitch saw stars. "Yes! Damn, just like that. Fuck yourself against me, baby."

"Jesus Christ," Warren swore, eyes falling shut as he pushed up and pulled back, his fingers gripping Mitch's waist tightly. "Shit, Mitch, I'm gonna muss my pants," he all but begged.

"Do it. Come for me. I wish I could taste you. Taste you like I tasted Kasey. Feel you sliding against my tongue. Will you let me do that sometime Warren? Suck you 'til you come?" Mitch moved faster, keeping pace with the clenching of Warren's fingers on his hips.

Gut clenching, Warren gave up worrying about what he was doing, pulling Mitch's hips to smash their groins together almost painfully. "Kiss me and I'll tell you," he growled, desire simmering, nearly on edge.

Mitch smiled at Warren turning the table on him. "So now I'm paying you for

answers....” He placed random kisses over Warren’s face as he talked, ending with his lips, tongue immediately claiming the willing mouth.

Warren groaned deeply, a low mewl of worry escaping his lips as he thrust harder up against Mitch, and then he snapped without warning, letting out a ragged cry. “Fucking Christ!” he rasped, his voice wracked with sheer wonder as he came hard in his trousers.

Kasey had just pushed through the door to see Mitch humping Warren’s lap, and the blond’s guttural curse made it all too obvious what was going on. His eyes widened, taking in the absolutely gorgeous sight of Warren in the throes of orgasm.

Soothing Warren with a series of soft kisses, Mitch stilled his hips, but maintained the pressure, his hands stroking the blond’s cheeks, neck, arms. Swallowing thickly, Mitch panted for breath as his cock throbbed, screaming for release.

“Aww man, I missed more fun,” Kasey mock complained, strolling over to slide his knuckles over Warren’s cheek, seeing the glazed look in his eyes. Then he looked at Mitch; it was clear right away that he hadn’t gotten off. “Feeling a little stiff there, Mitch?” Kasey teased.

“Maybe a little,” Mitch groaned as Warren shifted beneath him. He knew he needed to move. It wasn’t exactly a comfortable position for either of them, and now that the passion of the moment was dissipating, he knew Warren would be feeling cramped and sticky. “How about giving me a hand?” he asked, extending his to Kasey.

Kasey grinned, taking Mitch’s hand to balance him as he climbed off Warren, who just looked like he was shell-shocked. Kasey chuckled and leaned over to kiss Warren languidly, purring as the other man’s warm lips gave and parted under his immediately. He pulled back with a knowing smile. “Getting hit by Mitch is like getting hit by a truck, isn’t it, Warren?” he teased lightly.

Mitch pushed playfully at Kasey’s shoulder. “Fuck you. You weren’t complaining half an hour ago.”

Flashing another smile, the brunet shrugged. "That was half an hour ago. What will you do for me now?" he jibed.

"Shut up, you cocky bastards, I'm trying to recover here," Warren mumbled, finally stirring on the hard bench and cracking open his eyes to see Kasey, rather than just feel Kasey. "You finally wake up?" he poked.

"Come on." Mitch shoved at Kasey to get him out of his way. "Warren and I are going to go climb in the hot tub. I'm thinking he'd probably like to get out of his pants first," he said with a chuckle. "I'm hungry. You should bring us some food and drinks."

"Yeah, yeah," Kasey answered as he watched Mitch head to the back of the cabin. Waiting until he was out of earshot, Kasey hurried to follow Warren up to the loft. "Hey, you notice that Mitch's not got off yet?"

Warren glanced over his shoulder as he paused on the stairs and winced. "Yeah, you're right. Not real gentlemanly of us, was it?" he asked, cheeks flushing as he started moving again.

Kasey followed with a grin. "So why don't we do something about it? He was kind enough to indulge our curiosities, yeah?"

Warren glanced at Kasey and then down at his uncomfortably wet jeans. He sighed, unfastening them and shucking pants and boxers all at once as he stood in the bathroom door. "What do you have in mind? I won't be up for more for awhile," he said, blushing and looking down at himself as he cleaned up with a wet washcloth.

Walking over to the door and eyeing Warren appreciatively, Kasey shrugged. "I'm sure we can come up with something. We're intelligent men, right? So what if it's new to us? Mitch's been more than accommodating, and hell, if what he did to me is just the prelude, actual sex would be a hell of a ride."

Warren's eyes widened considerably and he looked over at Kasey as he ran more hot water. "You're wanting to have sex with him now? Like real sex? Real gay sex?"

Kasey snorted and rolled his eyes. "Yeah, Warren. Real sex. Taking it up the

ass. Screaming and thrashing and all. Didn't you ever take a woman's ass like that? The ones I've had just screamed and screamed for more. And they don't have prostates."

Sighing, Warren shut off the water and started drying off. He shook his head. "Afraid I'm not the experimenting type," he murmured, cheeks still red.

Pursing his lips, Kasey couldn't help but smile. Warren was so damn cute. He walked over to stand next to him and slid his arms around Warren's waist. "I've taken a liking to vanilla, I think," he said, playfully kissing the corner of Warren's mouth. Moaning and moving to deepen the kiss, he rasped, "Do you taste like vanilla all over?"

Warren chuckled. "Get off me. I need trousers." He pushed his elbow into Kasey's stomach, trying to hide his grin. Apparently, Kasey still wanted him.

"I need some kisses!" Kasey objected. "They've got to get me through making food and drinks as our host ordered."

Warren snorted and rolled his eyes. "Fine, then. Have your kisses and go, so I can get dressed before my balls freeze off."

Kasey purred, kissing Warren again quickly, once, twice, his hand sliding around to his belly, pausing just above his groin. "I could keep them warm if you like."

Warren blinked and shook his head. He was starting to get used to this kind of talk. The thought scared him as much as it excited him. "You sure you're not gay?" he asked humorously.

Throwing back his head, Kasey hooted. "Yeah, well, I said I was adventurous. I may have to redefine the way I label myself. This is fun."

Stepping back, Warren swatted Kasey's ass. "Go on, get that food and get out there or Mitch will think we've gone to bed without him." He headed over to his suitcase to pull out his swim trunks and a T-shirt for the hot tub.

Chortling, Kasey bounded down the stairs. Warren had said he'd go even farther. *Oh hell yeah.*

Meanwhile, Mitch had turned on the space heater in the glassed-in sunroom in the back of the cabin. While he was waiting for the small room to heat, he rifled through the drawers, coming up with some supplies in case they should be needed. Switching on the jets in the tub, he moved a bottle of single malt scotch and three glasses to the tile ledge. He flipped on the stereo, finding it set to a nice jazz station. He thought briefly about trunks and decided against them. Maybe he could get himself off before Warren and Kasey got here.

Quickly stripping, he climbed gingerly into the steaming water, sliding to his favorite reclining seat. Settling into the tub, he felt his muscles relax, and his eyes drifted shut. Calling up the image of Kasey and Warren as they'd climaxed from his touch, he circled his stiff cock and stroked. He was just establishing a good rhythm when he heard someone enter the room. He thought about just continuing. With all the bubbles, it might not be *that* obvious what he was doing, and frankly, even if they figured it out, he felt he deserved some relief. If they wanted to watch, well... just the thought made his cock jump.

Kasey walked in, carrying a tray of snack food and water bottles. He didn't look over at the tub until he'd set down the tray, and then when he turned to see Mitch reclined with both hands under the water and a look of concentration on his face, he grinned. He padded over to the side of tub, considering what to do. He wasn't sure if Mitch had noticed he was here yet. He could speak or he could touch. Hell, touching wouldn't throw Mitch. So Kasey leaned over and touched the older man, dragging his hand down Mitch's chest and below the water line to stop just above his groin. "Don't you look sexy," Kasey purred, again marveling at how easy it was to accept that he was attracted to the other man.

The chill of Kasey's hand burned in contrast to the heat of the water and Mitch hissed. Eyes still pressed tightly closed, he willed Kasey's hand lower. When it didn't move instantly, he canted his hips up to meet it, his own hand not stopping its movement. "Touch me."

Swallowing hard and not a little nervously, Kasey shifted to sit on the edge of the tub and slid his hand below the water, splaying along Mitch's belly, stroking lower and pausing when his fingers combed through wet curls. He closed his eyes a moment as desire swamped his gut. *Oh, he was in deep*, he thought.

A low, almost pained sound rumbled out of Mitch's chest as Kasey's fingers

tentatively explored his groin. What in the hell had he been thinking starting this with two straight friends, snowed in no less? He couldn't even leave and go visit a buddy for a night of rampant fucking to let off all the sexual tension. Moving his hand away from his cock, he threaded their fingers together and circled their joined fingers around his hard length. "Just like you like it," he said hoarsely, reminding Kasey of his words earlier.

Inhaling sharply as his fingers curled around the thick, hard cock, Kasey slowly stood and shifted around until he squatted behind Mitch, arm around his shoulders to get what he felt was the right angle. Then he started to move, squeezing gently at first, then more firmly as Mitch didn't protest. He leaned his head forward against Mitch's, his nose buried in the blond hair just behind the other man's ear.

Mitch shivered both from the cooler air as his wet body was lifted above the waterline and the feeling of Kasey's hand on his body. "Fuck, Kasey! Who knew you had such great hands?" He relaxed his head back on Kasey's shoulder, letting himself give in to the sensual exploration.

Kasey relaxed a little and chuckled, sliding his hand more comfortably. "You said to do what I like," he purred in Mitch's ear, emphasizing the double meaning of those words.

Mitch's body trembled again, his head arching away, baring his neck. "Don't let me stop you."

Growling playfully, Kasey nipped at the expanse of warm flesh right in front of his lips. "You're making me crazy, Mitch," he moaned. "Who'd have thought I'd go for this, much less be so damn turned on?"

Coming upon the sensual scene, Warren paused in the doorway, drinking in the sight, and he felt that curling desire in his gut again. They were so gorgeous together, Kasey and Mitch, and he wondered why they'd even want him around. He stood there, just watching, unaware of the longing on his face.

Mitch opened his eyes, intending to answer Kasey, when he spotted Warren standing in the doorway looking lost and about ready to bolt. Pulling reluctantly out of Kasey's arms, he floated across the tub. "About time you got here," he

said, eyes completely serious as they locked with Warren's. "We've been waiting for you." Cracking the seal on the scotch, he poured an equal amount into the three glasses. Picking up two, he extended one to Warren, feeling slightly like he was luring a timid dog with a bone.

Kasey smiled as he watched Warren enter, appearing reluctant enough that it touched his heart. He got up and went to join him, taking a glass and waiting for him to come close enough to slide his arm around the older man's waist, squeezing comfortably. Warren entered the warm room, reaching for the scotch and taking a steadying sip, relaxing a little when Kasey came close to hug him reassuringly. "You two looked...." He paused, unsure of what to say to express it.

"Just like we looked when Kasey walked into the kitchen," Mitch supplied. "Come get in the water. It's warmer."

Taking another drink, Warren let Kasey lead him over to tub. He handed his glass back to Mitch and slid into the bubbling water, sighing and forgetting his nerves as the hot water surrounded him. "Christ, that's good," he murmured.

Kasey chuckled and shucked his jeans, leaving the soft, loose boxers on as he followed, pulling his long legs over the edge of the tub and sitting on the bench under the water with a happy sigh.

Mitch settled next to Kasey, his legs extending and tangling with Warren's. When Warren didn't immediately pull away, Mitch started rubbing his feet and lower legs with the arch of his foot, exploring the coarse hair and bony ankles with his toes. His hand wandered to Kasey's thigh, finding smooth skin and gliding higher. When he encountered wet fabric, he smirked, turning his head towards Kasey and whispering. "Boxers? The man who went skinny dipping at the company picnic gets into a hot tub in boxers?"

Suddenly grinning, Kasey patted Mitch's thigh and slid over next to Warren, leaning to whisper in his ear. Warren listened and licked his lips nervously before turning to look at Kasey, who nodded reassuringly. Warren took another drink and nodded back. Then both men sat their glasses on the side of the tub and moved in opposite directions, sliding up close to either side of Mitch.

Mitch looked one way and then the other as his friends got closer. "Uhhmm...

guys... should I be pleased or worried?" he asked nervously. Kasey was quite a prankster, and he didn't completely trust any idea that had originated with his dark-headed friend.

Kasey chuckled evilly and slid his hands back to Mitch's waist under the water while Warren raised an eyebrow in question. "You, worried?" Mitch was the most experienced of them, why would *he* be worried?

"It's not the idea of getting physical with either of you that worries me," Mitch clarified, reading Warren's mind. "It's the idea that this fucker might decide to hog-tie me and throw me out in the snow." He elbowed Kasey as he spoke.

Warren's lips twitched in amusement and the grin on Kasey's face was gleeful. "I might hog-tie you," Kasey said, leaning to nip at Mitch's ear, "but you're not leaving this tub."

"Just don't drown me." Mitch lifted his face for a kiss.

"Oh no, not in water, anyway," Kasey promised, meeting Mitch for a soft, wet, promising kiss as his hand slid over to grasp one of Warren's, pulling it to Mitch's chest and pressing it there, before dropping his own hand back beneath the water to start the stroking all over again.

Warren watched Mitch's face carefully as he caressed the warm skin of his chest, just getting used to touching, to appreciating, to enjoying. He'd agreed to Kasey's suggestion that they work together to get Mitch off, although he wasn't too sure how he'd contribute.

Mitch's skin rose in goose bumps at the dual touching, starting low on his body and rising, hardening his nipples and making him groan. His head fell back on the edge of the tub, his eyes closing. The last few hours had been an exercise in excitement *and* frustration. His body was screaming for release and having four hands stroking him, even if timidly, was incredibly exciting.

Running his hands over the tightened nipples, Warren was amazed at the reactions of Mitch's body to his touch. It was obvious he was enjoying it, and he felt a little bolder as he kept caressing. He leaned forward to kiss Mitch's

cheekbone lightly.

Kasey paused, not able to get his arm turned the way he wanted. “Stand up, Mitch, let me sit behind you,” he urged.

Mitch glided forward in the water, letting Kasey slip behind him. Pulling Warren chest to chest, he wound a hand into the soft, blond hair, pulling him close and nuzzling along his jaw. “I love the way your hands feel on me,” Mitch husked. As Kasey pulled Mitch back onto his lap, he pulled Warren out of the seat and into the water with him.

Warren groaned as Mitch pulled him between his knees. With a start, he realized what was brushing his belly was Kasey’s hand lazily pumping Mitch’s cock. Heat flashed through him and he edged slightly closer, his own cock swelling in his trunks.

Mitch felt Warren move and lifted his hips to rub against his groin, lifting one leg and wrapping it around Warren’s hip. Twisting his head, he curled a hand around Kasey’s neck, pulling him close for a kiss. Just before their lips met, he swiped his tongue along Kasey’s full bottom lip, catching it between his teeth. He’d entertained many fantasies about being able to do that as he sat at his desk watching his co-worker biting his lip as he concentrated on a story he was writing. Mitch moaned softly as he felt Warren’s cock harden against his thigh. “Faster... please....”

Making a noise of approval, Kasey leaned up to take part in the kiss that was swiftly growing more heated. His hand tightened on Mitch as he felt the other man thrust forward. Breaking from the kiss with a gasp, Kasey growled, “C’mon, baby, fuck my fist.”

Mitch happily complied, thrusting up into the tight channel of Kasey’s fingers. Breaking from the kiss with a gasp, he groaned, watching as Kasey and Warren’s lips clung, continuing the sensual dance. Fumbling along the side of the tub with his hand, he grasped a cool bottle. He pressed it urgently into Kasey’s hand. “Open it and put some in your hand,” he instructed hoarsely.

Fumbling with the bottle, Kasey popped the cap and got some in his palm, closing his hand to spread it around. He dropped the bottle off the side, and it

clunked to the floor as he slid his hand under the water and took hold of Mitch again, this time his hand sliding easily. He squeezed tighter, pressing his thumb over the swollen cock head, just like he liked himself.

Warren watched from where he was plastered against Mitch's side, hands still roaming over his chest and back, pressing the occasional kiss to damp skin. He licked his lips, aroused by Mitch's abandon, and leaned to lick a broad swath from his throat to his ear. Tentatively, he slid his hand beneath the water and covered Kasey's fingers with his own, feeling the cock slide slickly. Kasey spread his fingers to tangle them with Warren's so both their hands slid along the silky, throbbing shaft.

Completely lost in the sensations they were coaxing from his body, Mitch arched and writhed, the thought of Warren touching him too driving him wild, chasing that elusive sensation that would push him over the edge. Part of the thrill of having someone else's hands on your body was the anticipation, having to let go of control and trust in your lover to find the right rhythm and speed. Mitch cried out as he got sooooo close, only to have it slip away again. It was like a dance, almost there and then not, each time they got a little closer to that magical place.

Kasey mimicked Warren's action, but bit down carefully on Mitch's collarbone after, eliciting a hard twitch. "Whatcha need, baby?" he crooned in Mitch's ear, flush with desire and the thrill of being able to reduce his friend to this writhing, gorgeous thing.

"You. Wanted you for so fucking long. Keep touching me," Mitch babbled.

Warren watched as his fingers curled with Kasey's worked Mitch's body harder and faster. Both men were becoming more and more abandoned, faces flushed, mouths open. He felt like he was rushing forward towards climax with them. He wondered for a moment if he was going to come just from watching their hands jack Mitch off. The familiar tightening in his groin made him think he might. Then Mitch's body rose up in the water as his hips jerked up into the combined fist, his upper body anchored against Kasey's chest. Warren watched the purpled head break the surface of the water and couldn't resist. Bending over, he closed his lips over the smooth tip.

The unexpected feeling of Warren's mouth on his cock sent Mitch over the edge with a surprised scream. No time for a warning, he snatched his hips back, trying to prevent Warren from getting a mouthful of come, and at the same time his hands came up to cradle Warren's head. His release caught the blond across the cheek and several drops clung in his hair. The sight made Mitch's cock surge again, and he rose out of the water, pressing their bodies close and kissing Warren deeply, his thumbs brushing away the creamy liquid as he sucked on Warren's lips and tongue.

Kasey felt fit to burst as Mitch came with a choked cry, pulling out of his arms and crushing Warren to him. They were so fucking gorgeous, and Kasey was so fucking turned on that he didn't even think. He stood and glued himself to their sides, pressing his mouth close, hoping to catch both sets of wet, swollen lips.

Warren's wild moan was swallowed in Mitch's kiss as he was swept into his arms, and Warren grabbed on tight, desperate to feel more. Then a third mouth joined them, Kasey's tongue sliding down Warren's cheek to lap at Mitch's come, then slithering between their lips for a passionate three-way kiss that made Warren's gut flip-flop.

Even though he had just come, Mitch wanted – needed – more. Figuring Kasey was the least squeamish, he ran his lips over Kasey's damp cheek to his ear. "I want you to fuck me."

Warren's head perked up, eyes widening, and Kasey's hand dove for his own cock, pinching hard at the base as he laid his forehead against Mitch's cheek. "Shit, Mitch, you about made me come right then," he breathed, holding to the older man for balance with his free hand. Warren's lips pressed together as he tried not to snort. He wasn't in much better shape himself, and no one had even been touching him.

"I'd have enjoyed making you hard again." Mitch smirked. "So are you game?"

"Fuck, yeah. Do you even have to ask?" Kasey said, rocking his cock against Mitch's hip.

Mitch pressed a quick kiss to Kasey's shoulder and then turned to catch Warren's lips. "Have we freaked you out entirely yet? I don't want you to, but if you need to leave..., " he offered, genuinely concerned.

"The only thing freaking me out is how turned on I am about the whole thing. I'm not going anywhere," Warren rasped.

"Good." Mitch ran his fingers down Warren's cheek in a loving caress. Turning to Kasey, he said, "I'm guessing you've done this before."

"I think I can handle it." Kasey smirked, looking over the side of the tub for the lube he'd pitched earlier and finding a strip of condoms too. "Cocky much?" he accused, waving them at Mitch.

"Can't blame a boy for hoping." Mitch playfully fluttered his eyelashes at Kasey while Warren looked on, an expression of stunned desire on his face. Bracing his hands on the side of the tub, Mitch wiggled his ass, shooting Kasey a come-and-get-me look over his shoulder.

Grinning, Kasey brought the bottle and the condoms with him, pulling one packet off and leaving the rest on the tub's edge. He took a deep breath, trying to calm down, and poured some lubricant on his fingers. He moved to stand behind Mitch in the bubbling water and slid his fingers along the crease of his ass.

Fascinated by the look of bliss on Mitch's face, Warren craned his neck to try to see what Kasey was doing. Mitch pushed back against the slippery digit in a blatant request for more. He could already feel himself beginning to swell and harden at just the thought of Kasey fucking him. The blunt finger pushed against his tight muscles, and Mitch took a deep breath, relaxing into the touch. He moaned and his chin fell to his chest as the finger slipped inside. "Oh God, Kasey," he all but purred.

Despite his brash show, Kasey felt nerves gnawing at him. He wanted so much to do this, but he certainly didn't want to hurt his friend. So he forced himself to go slowly, pushing and pulling his index finger in and out, amazed by the grasping channel as he added a second digit. "Fuck all, Mitch, how can you be this tight?" Kasey swore, feeling the flesh clamp around his fingers.

“You fucking tease,” Mitch growled, bucking back against Kasey’s fingers, which were giving him almost what he wanted, but not nearly enough. “I need fucked.”

Mitch felt Warren tense beside him and immediately opened his eyes, seeking out the worried green gaze. “It’s okay, Warren. Nothing you don’t want to do, remember? I’d really love to taste you, though. Would you let me do that? Taste you like I tasted Kasey? You said you would.” His voice rose on the last word as Kasey stroked directly over his prostate. Fucker. Mitch was beginning to suspect that Kasey was enjoying his “inexperienced fumbling” act a little too much.

Warren thought back to the look on Kasey’s face when he’d come in Mitch’s mouth and nodded, unable to actually make his lips form the words to consent.

Mitch smiled. “You get the best seat in the house.” He patted the side of the hot tub, right between his braced arms. Studying Mitch’s face for just a bit longer, Warren stuck his arms behind himself and levered his weight up to sit on the side. Then he slid over between Mitch’s arms, breathing speeding up at the thought of what was coming. After a moment’s thought, he peeled his wet T-shirt off and tossed it to the floor. Mitch and Kasey were completely naked, he thought reasonably, trying not to show his nervousness.

Kasey took the moment to pull his fingers free and fumble with a condom. His hands were shaking and he laughed a little at himself. “You’ve got me tied in knots, Mitch,” he said.

Mitch brushed his cheeks up and down the inside of Warren’s thighs, letting him get used to having a man between his legs. He buried his face into the smooth skin just inside Warren’s hip bone, placing a series of kisses over the sensitive area and letting his shoulder and chest brush against Warren’s groin. Working his way over to the opposite hip, he froze as he felt Kasey’s cock at the entrance to his body. His lips opened on Warren’s skin and he exhaled as the blunt head pushed past the tight muscle. “More,” he moaned, lying limp in the cradle of Warren’s legs as Kasey penetrated him.

Surprised at the heavy rasp from Mitch, Warren looked down to see Kasey gripping the other man’s hips, his cock disappearing into Mitch’s body. Warren pressed his hand down on his own trunks, trapping his cock, trying for some

control. But the sight of the blond head between his legs didn't help, and mesmerized, he shifted to push the trunks over his hips.

Warren's move to free himself from his clothes distracted Mitch momentarily from Kasey. He was incredibly pleased that Warren was taking some initiative. He'd been enjoying savoring the build up, but he really couldn't wait to get the other man's cock in his mouth. Looking up through damp clumps of lashes, he asked, "May I?"

The strangled noise from Warren's throat was revealing as he stood long enough to push his trunks down his thighs and over his knees so he could kick the shorts off into the water. He leaned back on the edge of the tub, shivering from arousal rather than cold, and his cock stood up proudly. He had always been moderately proud of it; none of the ladies had ever complained, anyway. But he wondered how he would measure up in Mitch's eyes.

Mitch thought briefly that he'd fallen asleep and awoke to his favorite wet dream: Kasey pounding his ass and Warren stretched out in front of him. With a rumble of pure delight, he lifted Warren's cock in his fist and closed his mouth over it, licking and tasting the tip before sliding the length into this throat. It took him a minute, but he found the perfect rhythm. He'd push back into Kasey's thrust and then let Kasey's momentum carry him forward onto Warren's cock.

"Fucking hell!" Warren yelped as Mitch went down on him more than competently, and he grasped the sides of the tub, trying to keep from thrusting back into that hot, wet mouth. The suction and lapping of Mitch's tongue was sure to drive him insane much sooner than later.

Kasey's eyes widened as he watched Mitch suck down Warren's cock, and with the resulting wail from the other blond, he found he couldn't hold back anymore. Gripping Mitch's hips, he started fucking him faster, harder, focusing on the tight heat that sucked and pulled at him with each in and out. It was bliss, climbing to a monumental explosion he could feel gathering in his balls.

Mitch was pushed forward into Warren by Kasey's sharp thrusts as the brunet came with a series of ecstatic groans. Pressing a series of kisses up the blond's belly to his chest, he looked up at the dazed look of lust on Warren's face. "Fuck me, Warren," he said, his mouth only inches away.

Warren's eyes darted down to Mitch's lips and then back up, his eyes widening as Mitch's words sank in. He opened his mouth to protest.

"I want to feel you inside me," Mitch persuaded, his hand stroking Warren's hard length. "I want to come with you inside me."

The last image snapped Warren's reservations and he moaned, standing up in the water. Mitch guided a sated Kasey around to sit against the side and settled his back against Kasey's chest. He grinned when the brunet's arms closed around him automatically, supporting him in the water. Pulling Warren between his thighs, Mitch rolled a condom onto him, quickly coating it with the waterproof lube. Curling his legs around Warren's waist, Mitch lifted his hips.

The puckered pink hole mesmerized Warren. He watched it clench and reached out to brush his thumb over it, only realizing how intimately he was touching his best friend when Mitch's breath hitched. "I'm sor—"

Mitch grabbed Warren's wrist. "I *want* you to touch me."

"But you're so... won't I hurt you?" Warren asked. Mitch certainly hadn't looked like a man in pain as Kasey fucked him, but he couldn't imagine, looking at the tiny hole, that he was going to fit in there.

"You'll fit and it'll feel incredible. Trust me, Warren." Mitch pulled him closer again. "I'm open and slick from Kasey." Flexing his leg muscles, he offered his body.

"Aww, Christ," Warren moaned as Kasey reached around Mitch to touch him. "I'll help you," Kasey murmured, sliding his hand to encircle Warren's aroused cock, stroking it lightly as Warren shivered. Kasey pulled Warren forward ever so slightly, closer to Mitch's body, straightening Warren's cock and pressing it along the crease.

The sound from Warren was one of pure want, and he reached to cover Kasey's hand with his own, wanting to be a part of pressing himself into Mitch's waiting hole. He shuddered as Kasey eased him closer, holding his cock firmly as it slowly slid into the stretched opening.

Mitch hissed and clutched at Kasey's arms as Warren penetrated him. "Oh,

fuck, Warren. Deeper.”

The blond didn't stop until his cock was completely buried in Mitch's ass. He'd be questioning his sanity if it didn't feel so fucking awesome. Warren's instincts were screaming at him to move, to pound into Mitch until they both came screaming. Luckily, Kasey's hand reached up and tilted Warren's face up away from the sight of his body joined with Mitch's. “Move,” he instructed gently.

“Make me come, Warren,” Mitch added, his hand guiding Warren's hips. “Use that fucking huge cock of yours to make me come.”

Half-grunting, part-whimpering, Mitch's compliments firing his blood, Warren slid smoothly in and out of Mitch's incredibly tight ass. If this is how tight Mitch was after Kasey, how had he felt before? Warren tried to keep his thrusts slow and controlled, but the way Mitch's body clutched and trembled around him was eroding his control. He snapped his hips forward hard, jarring Mitch into Kasey's chest.

Mitch groaned, stars floating before his eyes. “Ahh, fuck, yeah. Just like that.”

Still caressing Warren's cheek, Kasey sighed, feeling desire build again just watching how abandoned Warren was. “You're so fucking handsome, watching you like this, fucking Mitch into me,” he purred. “You can thrust harder, just like you can with a woman. He's loving it.” Mitch's cock was rigid against his stomach.

Praying that Kasey was right, Warren pushed in a little harder, then again, and again, starting a steady rhythm, egged on by the lusty moans from Mitch's mouth and the sight of his face contorted with obvious pleasure. When Kasey shifted so he could lick Mitch's lips, Warren's strained control snapped. Being buried in Mitch was like nothing he'd ever felt, but the added bonus of seeing them pleasuring each other was too much to resist. He groaned a curse as his hips sped, and he thrust as hard as he could.

Mitch gasped against Kasey's mouth. “Touch me,” he mouthed against Kasey's lips as Warren pummeled his body.

It was like Warren was fucking them both as Mitch's body pushed rhythmically into his, pressing pleasantly against his sated cock. Kasey slid a hand around his new lover and clasped Mitch's swollen flesh, squeezing and running his thumb over the sensitive nerves. Kasey hissed as his gut clenched. Christ, he wanted to come again, but he would settle for seeing Warren and Mitch come instead. He'd already had his. Still, he pressed his eyes shut as his groin got tighter and tighter, and he laid his head back to moan aloud.

Mitch relaxed, allowing Warren and Kasey to take control of his body. He could feel Kasey's erection against his ass and almost laughed out loud at the image of Warren's face if he suggested double penetration. When Warren's hands trembled against his hips, Mitch guessed that he was getting close. Adding his hand to Kasey's, he increased the pressure and the speed, wanting to come with Warren inside him. "So close... harder... ahhh... fuck...", he rasped, encouraging his lovers.

"Mitch," Warren breathed as he stiffened, and then he let out a long, low groan as he slid in and out slowly, coming long and hard. Distantly, Warren couldn't believe how incredible he felt – how amazing Mitch and Kasey were, to love him like this. Love him. He felt already that it was so much more than sex between best friends. With a final shudder, Warren pushed deep into Mitch's body, pinning him against Kasey.

The feeling of Warren's cock throbbing inside of him and Kasey's long fingers fisting him pushed Mitch over the edge. With a loud cry, he pulsed his hips between the two men increasing the pressure on his groin and extending his climax. Pulling Warren to his chest, he wrapped his arms and legs around him.

Kasey mewled softly, helplessly, overwhelmed by the thought of what they'd done and the feel of Mitch pushing against him, and he came a third time, slow and hot and drawn out and so, so incredibly satisfying.

The sudden drastic tightening around Warren's cock dragged a gasping howl out of him as it intensified his orgasm, and he shook all over while watching his two best friends rocket into ecstasy.

Panting and holding Warren close, Mitch looked back over his shoulder. "Did you just come again?" he asked, amusement clear.

Kasey managed a sheepish look. “You two were fucking hot!” he explained in a mock defensive tone.

Warren chuckled weakly. “I second that.”

Mitch grinned tiredly and met Warren’s eyes for a shared look of amusement. “Ah, youth,” Mitch mourned.

“Bastard,” Warren added, though affectionately, reaching to slide his fingers over Kasey’s full lips.

“Hey, I’m not that much younger than you two!” Kasey objected after kissing Warren’s fingers. “I’m twenty-five!”

“Oh God, don’t flaunt it!” Mitch said, covering his eyes with the arm not wrapped around Warren. “I’m thirty next year.”

“Both of you shut your traps,” Warren warned. Both Mitch and Kasey cleared their throats and gave him innocent smiles. They’d just celebrated Warren’s thirty-eighth birthday last week.

After another couple minutes of holding each other, they finally clambered out of the tub and dried each other off, too tired to play anymore although some slow, lazy kisses were exchanged on the way up to the loft. There were three beds: two twin and one queen.

“If you two try to sleep in those tiny beds I’ll tickle you ’til you scream tomorrow,” Mitch muttered. Then he collapsed face down on the queen-sized bed, barely taking the time to tuck himself under the covers. He felt the mattress dip under the weight of one of his lovers and a small smile ghosted over his lips as he succumbed to the sleep pulling him deep into the warm softness of the mattress.

Kasey followed Mitch into the bed, curling his body around his back, his toes burrowing between his legs seeking warmth. It felt right. Looking up, he saw Warren standing at the side of the bed, shifting uneasily. Fuck that, Kasey thought groggily. Reaching up, he grabbed the blond’s hand and yanked him down to the bed, shifting backwards to settle the muscular form between him and Mitch. Now it felt perfect.

One arm tossed over both men, hand cupped possessively over Mitch's hip, Kasey sighed. "Nothing changes, Warren," he murmured sleepily, his lips brushing against the back of Warren's neck. "We're still best friends. It'll just be even better."

Close to dozing off, Warren had a thought: *But what if I want it to change?* He sighed into his pillow. That could wait until tomorrow. *Mitch and Kasey will be here. The snow had seen to that.*

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